



Also A NEW MYSTERY featuring

POW-WOW SMITH
INDIAN LAWMAN



Detective COMICS

OCT.
NO. 200

10c

In this issue:
THE ACE
CRIME-BUSTERS
CLASH WITH AN
UNDERGROUND
BROADCASTING
MENACE!





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Power
8/30

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in your Draw a Car contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

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City _____
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State _____ Occupation _____

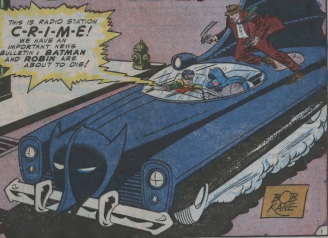
BATMAN

With
ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER

A NEW RADIO VOICE SPEAKS TO GOTHAM CITY--- A VOICE THAT SPEAKS ONLY TO THE UNDERWORLD! YES, THE UNDERWORLD ACQUIRES ITS OWN BROADCAST STATION, AND BATMAN AND ROBIN MUST BATTLE A BAFFLING MENACE OF THE AIR-WAVES WHOSE SINISTER ANNOUNCEMENT IS: "THIS IS

RADIO STATION C-R-I-M-E!"

THIS IS RADIO STATION
C-R-I-M-E!
WE HAVE AN
IMPORTANT NEWS
BULLETIN: BATMAN
AND ROBIN ARE
ABOUT TO DIE!



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THIS IS THE WAREHOUSE... BUT IT'S LOCKED TIGHT!

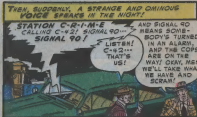
OKAY, YOU MEN KNOW WHAT TO DO... GET BUSY!



THIS BIG LOADING CRANE IS JUST WHAT WE NEED TO BREAK IN!



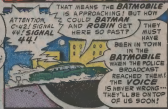
QUICK... INSIDE AND GET THAT SHIPMENT OF RARE CARRIED JADES!



STATION C-R-I-M-E CALLING C-42! SIGNAL 90... SIGNAL 90!

AND SIGNAL 90 MEANS SOMEBODY'S TURNED IN AN ALARM AND THE COPS ARE ON THE WAY! OKAY, MEN, WE'LL TAKE WHAT WE HAVE AND SCRAM!

LISTEN! C-42... THAT'S US!



ATTENTION, C-42! SIGNAL 44! SIGNAL 44!

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN IN TOWN IN THE BATMOBILE WHEN THE POLICE BROADCAST REACHED THEM! THE VOICE IS NEVER WRONG... THEY'LL BE ON TOP OF US SOON!



THERE'S THE BATMOBILE NOW... HE'S BEEN SPOTTED!

JUMP... WE'LL GET AWAY ON FOOT! THIS CAR WILL BE ALL SMASHED UP WHEN IT REACHES THE STREET AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL!



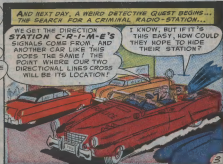
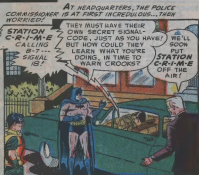
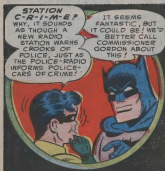
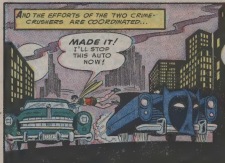
BUT THE RUSE DOES NOT FOOL THE TWO OCCUPANTS IN THE ROARING MACHINE BEHIND...

THEY LET THEIR CAR RUN AWAY! IT'LL CAUSE A BAD WRACK AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL!

GIVE ME A SIX-FOOT MARGIN AND I'LL MAKE IT, BATMAN! I'M READY!



DETECTIVE COMICS





DETECTIVE COMICS



AND BATMAN IS RIGHT! FOR WHEN THE DIRECTIONAL "FIX" IS MADE AND THE CAR SPEEDS TO THE INDICATED LOCATION...

THEY'VE STOPPED TRANSMITTING NOW, BUT THE DIRECTION-LINES CROSSED RIGHT HERE!

CALL COMMISSIONER GORDON--- WE'LL SEARCH EVERY HOUSE IN THIS AREA!

WAIT! THERE'S SOMETHING COMING THROUGH AGAIN!

STATION C-R-I-M-E CALLING F-G! SIGNAL 3! SIGNAL 3!

THEY'RE TRANSMITTING AGAIN--- BUT THE STATION IS MILES AWAY FROM HERE NOW!

THAT MEANS THEY'RE USING A MOBILE TRANSMITTER, MOUNTED IN A CAR OR TRUCK! THEY CAN BROADCAST FROM A DIFFERENT LOCATION EACH TIME, AND THEN MOVE ON! HM, THAT'S GOING TO MAKE IT HARD, BUT TRY AGAIN!

HOURS LATER, TWO BAFLED CRIME-CRUSHERS REPORT TO COMMISSIONER GORDON!

WE COULDN'T EVEN GET CLOSE TO THEM--- BY THE TIME WE GOT A FIX AND FOLLOWED IT, THE MOBILE TRANSMITTER HAD SHUT DOWN AND MOVED!

THIS IS MORE SERIOUS THAN I THOUGHT! IT'S OBVIOUS THAT STATION C-R-I-M-E IS BROADCASTING POLICE INFORMATION, BUT NOW DO THEY GET THAT INFORMATION? THAT'S THE MYSTERY WE MUST SOLVE!

FOLEY, ROUND UP MY ENTIRE STAFF AND HAVE THEM REPORT IN HERE! WE'RE GOING TO SEARCH EVERY INCH OF THIS HEADQUARTERS!



COMMISSIONER, THIS REQUEST HAS JUST COME THROUGH!

ALL RIGHT, OFFICER! YOU CAN GO NOW!

BUT AFTER AN INTENSIVE HUNT, THAT MYSTERY ONLY DEEPENS!

WE'VE RANSACKED HEADQUARTERS... NO HIDDEN LISTENING DEVICES, NO POSSIBLE WAY IN WHICH INFORMATION COULD GET OUT EXCEPT BY WORD OF MOUTH---AND THAT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION! THE FORCE IS ABOVE SUSPICION!

IT'S FROM JOHN BARTON, CURATOR OF THE MID-WEST MUSEUM! HE'S BRINGING A COLLECTION OF HISTORIC GEMS TO GOTHAM CITY BY PLANE... FLIGHT IS, DUE HERE AT NOON... HE WANTS POLICE PROTECTION WHEN HE LANDS!

SINCE INFORMATION DOES HAVE A WAY OF LEAKING OUT, PERHAPS ROBIN AND I HAD BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON MR. BARTON TOO--- FROM THE BATPLANE!

AND SOON, THE GRIM-WINGED BATPLANE TAKES THE AIR! BUT AS IT DOES, THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE SPEAKS!

WE'LL MEET BARTON'S PLANE SOME DISTANCE OUT FROM GOTHAM CITY TO MAKE SURE, ROBIN!



BATMAN, LISTEN--- I TUNED OUR RADIO TO THAT WAVELENGTH--- AND STATION C-R-I-M-E IS BROADCASTING! LISTEN!





BUT AS THE BAT-WINGED CRAFT CIRCLES THE SLOWER HELICOPTER LIKE A HAWK AROUND A PIGEON...

THE SMOKE IS BLINDING ME! WE'LL CRASH IF WE KEEP ON!

THEN LAND---IT'S BETTER TO LET THE GEMS GO THAN CRACK UP!



IT'S STILL AFTER US--- AND STILL POURING SMOKE!

ROAR

THEN, AS FRUSTRATED THUGS GROPE THROUGH DENSE CLOUDS...

HEY, IS THIS YOU, PETER? I CAN'T SEE... BUT THIS CAPE--- ARE YOU... ARE YOU...?

YOU GUESSED IT, HOOD! **ROBIN** AND I LANDED ON OUR OWN COPTER-GEAR AND HERE WAITING FOR YOU!



I DON'T KNOW! WE WORKED BY MAIL! WE AGREED TO GIVE A SHARE OF OUR LOOT TO THE STATION---IT SENT US THE SIGNAL-CODE AND TOLD US WHERE TO LEAVE OUR PAY-OFF! BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW IT GETS ITS TIPS OR POLICE PLANS!

YOU'RE GOING BACK TO GOTHAM CITY... AND I'M GOING TO SEE THE COMMISSIONER AT ONCE!



A SEARCH OF THEIR POCKETS REVEALS...

THE SECRET CODE-SIGNALS OF STATION **C-R-I-M-E**! SIGNAL 1 MEANS "RIVER POLICE APPROACHING FROM NORTH!" SIGNAL 2 MEANS "RIVER POLICE APPROACHING FROM SOUTH!"... AND SO ON, IN CODE!

WHO'S RUNNING THIS UNDERWORLD RADIO STATION, AND HOW DOES HE KNOW AT ONCE WHAT THE POLICE WILL DO?



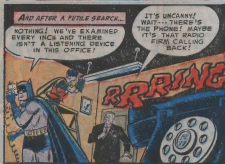
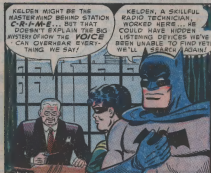
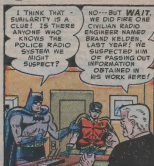
LOOK AT THIS SIGNAL-CODE THAT STATION **C-R-I-M-E** WORKED OUT FOR ITS CRIMINAL CLIENTS! NOTICE ANYTHING ABOUT IT?

WHY, IT'S WORKED OUT EXACTLY LIKE THE POLICE RADIO CODE--- EXCEPT IT USES DIFFERENT SIGNALS!



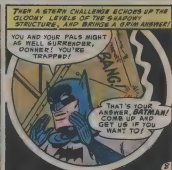
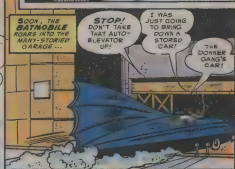
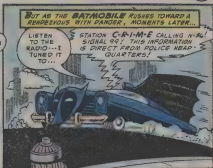
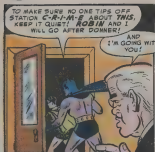


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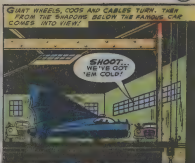
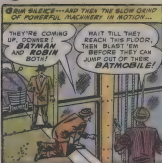


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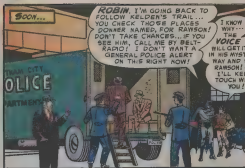


DETECTIVE COMICS





DETECTIVE COMICS



ROBIN, I'M GOING BACK TO FOLLOW KELDEN'S TRAIL... YOU CHECK THOSE PLACES DOWNER NAMED, FOR RAMSON! DON'T TAKE CHANCES... IF YOU SEE HIM, CALL ME BY BELT-RADIO! I DON'T WANT A GENERAL POLICE ALERT ON THE RIGHT NOW!

I KNOW WHY... THE VOICE WILL GET IT IN HIS MYSTERIOUS WAY AND WARN RAMSON! OKAY, I'LL KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOU!



BACK AT HEADQUARTERS...

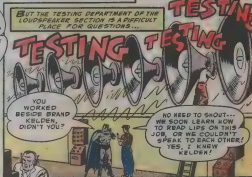
I'M FROM THE GOTHAM RADIO COMPANY... WE INVESTIGATED, AS YOU ADVISED, AND FOUND OUR MAN KELDEN NEVER DELIVERED THAT MOBILE RADIO-TRANSMITTER OUT WEST!

THEN KELDEN IS THE VOICE, WITHOUT A DOUBT! MAYBE I CAN PICK UP HIS TRAIL AT YOUR FACTORY! LET'S GO!



KELDEN WORKED FOR A TIME IN THE LOUDSPEAKER DIVISION... HE WAS SO SKILLFUL, WE PROMOTED HIM!

I'LL QUESTION THE MEN HE WORKED WITH... THEY MIGHT SUGGEST HIS WHEREABOUTS!



BUT THE TESTING DEPARTMENT OF THE LOUDSPEAKER SECTION IS A DIFFICULT PLACE FOR QUESTIONS...

YOU WORKED BESIDE BRAND KELDEN, DIDN'T YOU?

NO NEED TO SHOUT... WE SOON LEARN HOW TO READ LIPS ON THIS JOB, OR WE COULDN'T SPEAK TO EACH OTHER! YES, I KNEW KELDEN!



BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE LIVED, OR ANYTHING ABOUT HIS PERSONAL LIFE! DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

YES, I KNOW LIP-READING MYSELF, AND...



WHY, THAT'S IT... IT MUST BE... THE ANSWER TO THE MYSTERY OF STATION C-R-I-M-E! I MUST GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE!



DETECTIVE COMICS



BUT WHEN BATMAN REACHES POLICE HEADQUARTERS, HE HASTENS TO THE ROOF!

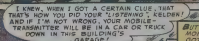


I WAS RIGHT! AND I'VE GOT TO ACT FAST, BEFORE THE VOICE LEAVES TO BROADCAST AGAIN!



YOU LED US A LONG CHASE, KELDEN— CONSIDERING YOU WERE RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET FROM HEADQUARTERS!

SMASH!



I KNEW, WHEN I GOT A CERTAIN CLUE, THAT THAT'S HOW YOU DID YOUR "LISTENING," KELDEN! AND IF I'M NOT WRONG, YOUR MOBILE-TRANSMITTER WILL BE IN A CAR OR TRUCK DOWN IN THIS BUILDING'S GARAGE!



ROBIN, WHAT HAPPENED? ROBIN, COME IN!



THIS IS RAWSON, BATMAN! I'M LEAVING GOTHAM CITY AND I'M TAKING YOUR YOUNG PAL WITH ME! TRY TO STOP ME, AND HE'LL PAY FOR IT!

A DARING, ACROBATIC SWING ACROSS THE CANYONED STREET TO A WINDOW IN THE OFFICE BUILDING OPPOSITE, AND...



BATMAN!

CRASH!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, ACROSS GOTHAM CITY, ROBIN USES THE BELT-RADIO FOR AN URGENT CALL!

BATMAN, I'VE FOUND RAWSON'S HIDEOUT AND I'M WAITING HERE FOR HIM!

YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT I WAITED IN MY CLOSET WHEN I HEARD YOU CAME IN, BRAT!



I HEARD THAT! STATION C-R-I-M-E MAY BE THROUGH— BUT SO IS ROBIN UNLESS YOU LET THAT THUG ESCAPE, BATMAN!

MAYBE NOT! I SEE RAWSON'S CALL-NUMBER ON YOUR LIST HERE, AND I KNOW YOUR CODE! STATION C-R-I-M-E IS GOING TO BROADCAST ONCE MORE!





DETECTIVE COMICS



FIRST, A BRIEF PHONE-CALL SUMMONS POLICE TO KELDEN'S OFFICE, WHERE HE IS TAKEN IN CUSTODY. THEN, FROM THE GARAGE NUMBER KELDEN STORED HIS DISGUISED MOBILE-RADIO TRUCK...

STATION C-R-I-M-E
CALLING D-I-N! SIGNAL 33!
YOUR ONLY ESCAPE IS
BY ROUTE 129!

RAWSON WILL HEAR
THAT MESSAGE ON
HIS CAR-RADIO, IF
HE'S TRYING TO
ESCAPE!



STATION C-R-I-M-E

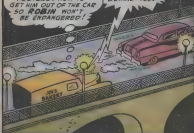
CALLING D-I-N!
SIGNAL 33!
...ONLY ESCAPE
BY ROUTE
129!

THAT'S
THE VOICE
WARNING ME POLICE
ARE BLOCKING ALL
HIGHWAYS, EXCEPT
ROUTE 129, THE
TRANS-RIVER
HIGHWAY! IT'S
MY ONLY WAY OUT!



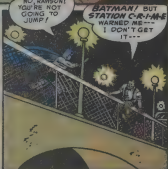
THAT'S RAWSON! I
RECOGNIZE HIM
FROM "WANTED"
POSTERS! NOW TO
GET HIM OUT OF THE CAR
SO ROBIN WON'T
BE ENDANGERED!

CALLING D-I-N! ROUTE
129 IS NOW BLOCKED
AHEAD OF AND
BEHIND YOU!



NO, RAWSON!
YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO
JUMP!

BATMAN! BUT
STATION C-R-I-M-E
WARNED ME---
I DON'T GET
IT---



LATER, THE MYSTERY IS EXPLAINED TO COMMISSIONER GORDON...

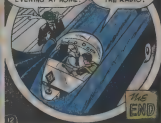
YES, KELDEN
'OVERHEARD' NEARLY EVERY-
THING SAID IN YOUR OFFICE BY
WATCHING YOU AND ALL OF
US THERE, THROUGH THIS
POWERFUL TELESCOPE---
AND READING YOUR LIPS!

THEN HE
BROADCAST WARNINGS
TO THE UNDERWORLD
MOMENTS LATER!



WITH **STATION C-R-I-M-E**
FINALLY OFF THE
AIR, YOU TWO
DESERVE A QUIET
EVENING AT HOME!

AND WE
WON'T
SPEND IT
LISTENING TO
THE RADIO!



THE
END



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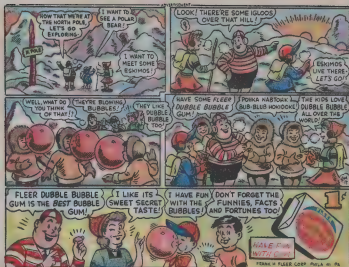
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IMPOSSIBLE- BUT TRUE

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO OWN A MACHINE THAT COULD CHANGE YOU INTO A GENIUS, AND ENABLE YOU TO SOLVE PROBLEMS THAT HAVE PERPLEXED THE BEST BRAINS IN THE WORLD? INCREDIBLE?... A CRAZY DREAM, YOU SAY? WELL, ROY RAYMOND, WHO MAKES IT HIS BUSINESS TO EXPOSE SUCH NOXES, FELT THE SAME WAY... BUT ROY HAD TO CHANGE HIS MIND SOON ENOUGH WHEN HE CAME FACE TO FACE WITH...

The MAKER of MENTAL GIANTS!

THE MACHINE IS WORKING! NOW, YOUNG MAN, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO GIVE US THE ANSWER!

ER...THE ANSWER IS, 948, 049, 586, 284, 048!

R-ROY, LOOK WHAT THAT CONTRAPTION TURNED INTO A GENIUS!

ROYAL
MORRIS.

ONE DAY, AS ROY RAYMOND CONDUCTS TRYOUTS FOR HIS FAMED "IMPOSSIBLE...BUT TRUE!" TELEVISION SHOW...

YOU'VE HEARD OF ANIMAL TRAINERS, MR. RAYMOND? WELL, I'M A SMALL FISH TRAINER!

QUITE A STUNT... CONSIDERING THAT FISH HAVE PRACTICALLY NO INTELLIGENCE AT ALL!

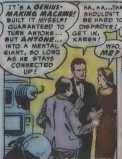
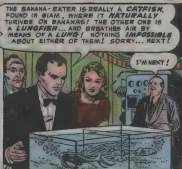
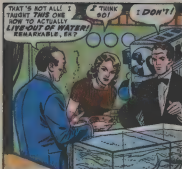
THINK I'M KIDDING, HUH? WELL, HERE'S WHAT I TRAINED THIS LITTLE FINNY FRIEND OF MINE TO DO!

LOOK, ROY! THAT FISH IS ACTUALLY EATING A BANANA!





DETECTIVE COMICS





DETECTIVE COMICS



POOR FELLOW... HE DOESN'T ACT LIKE THE TYPICAL HOAX WHO COMES UP HERE AND TRIES TO PUT ONE OVER ON ME. I THINK I'LL HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH HIM...

HOW ABOUT CHEERING ME UP? I WAS ALMOST KILLED!

NEXT DAY, AS ROY AND KAREN LUNCH AT A NEARBY DRUG STORE...

MY... LOOK AT THIS NICE WRITEUP YOUR GENIUS MAKER GOT IN THE PAPER, ROY!

HA, HA... MAKES GOOD PUBLICITY FOR THE SHOW!



AND SOME WEEKS LATER, AT THE STUDIO...

OH-OH... HERE COMES THAT MAN AGAIN, ROY!

DON'T WORRY, KAREN... I WON'T ASK YOU TO BE THE GUINEA PIG THIS TIME!

IT WORKS! IT WORKS!

SELECT SOMEONE-- ANYONE, MR. RAYMOND! I'LL SHOW YOU IT WORKS!

WMM... MAYBE JOE, THE STAGEHAND, WOULD LIKE TO MAKE LIKE A GENIUS! HOW ABOUT IT, JOE?

WELL... IT'S A LITTLE OUT OF MY LINE, ROY... BUT I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE!



SO SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AS THE "GENIUS MAKER" PROCEEDS WITH HIS FIRST DEMONSTRATION...

THERE'S THE PROBLEM, JOE! THE QUESTION IS, HOW CAN WE FIND OUT THE SODIUM CONTENT OF THIS SOLUTION?

WMM... LET'S SEE HOW... THIS IS THE SILLIEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD OF! I DON'T KNOW WHY ROY'S EVEN BOTHERING WITH IT!

I'VE GOT IT! FIRST YOU MUST DRY THE PRECIPITATE, THEN WEIGH THE MASS, AND MULTIPLY THE WEIGHT BY 0.01495!

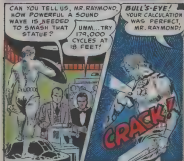
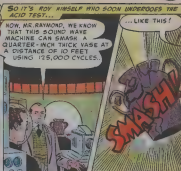
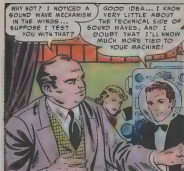
YOU MEAN, I ACTUALLY SOLVED THAT PROBLEM?

LARUE, I---I MUST CONVINCE MYSELF THAT THIS THING ISN'T A HOAX! MIND IF I TEST THAT MACHINE MYSELF?





DETECTIVE COMICS





DETECTIVE COMICS



THIS, AS "IMPOSSIBLE...BUT TRUE!" AGAIN GOES ON THE AIR...

FOLKS, JUST TO PROVE THAT MR. LARUE ISN'T WORKING WITH A STOOGE, WE HAVE PLACED THE AUDIENCE'S NAMES IN THIS DRUM... AND THIS LITTLE LADY WILL PICK THE PERSON TO SERVE AS OUR SUBJECT! GO AHEAD, SWEETHEART!



THE LITTLE LADY HAS DRAWN THE NAME OF... ER... NECTOR FYLE!



THAT'S ME!

AND NOW, WHILE MR. LARUE ADJUSTS THE CONTROLS, I'D LIKE TO ASK IF ANYONE IN THE AUDIENCE WOULD LIKE TO GIVE OUR SUBJECT A DIFFICULT PROBLEM!



SURE... I GOT A TOUGH ONE FOR HIM!

WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM, SIR?

IF AN OBJECT WEIGHING ABOUT 1,000 POUNDS IS DROPPED INTO THE SEA ABOUT SIX MILES OFF **STONY POINT**, HOW FAR AND IN WHICH DIRECTION WOULD THE UNDERSEA CURRENTS CARRY IT IN 90 DAYS?



AND IN MILLIONS OF TELEVIEWERS' HOMES, THERE IS BUT ONE THOUGHT...

LARUE HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING WHO'D BE PICKED AS THE SUBJECT! IF THIS MAN SOLVES THE PROBLEM, IT'LL MEAN THAT MACHINE ACTUALLY WORKS!



EITHER THAT, OR IT MEANS ROY RAYMOND WASN'T ABLE TO **PROVE** IT'S A HOAX!

MEANWHILE...

HAVE YOU SOLVED THE PROBLEM, SIR?

SURE... NOTHING TO IT! THE OBJECT SHOULD BE ABOUT HALF A MILE DUE NORTH OF ITS ORIGINAL POSITION!



INCREDIBLE!

BUT AS SOON AS THE SHOW ENDS...

ROY, I'M DISAPPOINTED IN YOU... I WAS SURE YOU WERE GOING TO EXPOSE THAT... HEY! WHERE ARE YOU TWO GOING?



TO TEST THAT LAST ANSWER! COME ON, IF YOU'RE COMING!

AN HOUR LATER, ABOARD A COAST GUARD CUTTER...

HERE THEY COME NOW, LIEUTENANT, MAKE SURE YOU HAD THEM ALL!



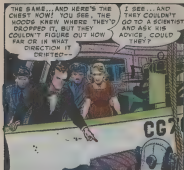
IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, KAREN, WE'RE SOON GOING TO COME FACE TO FACE WITH THE NOTORIOUS JAYSON MOB!

THE **JAYSON MOB**? WEREN'T THEY THE HOODLUMS WHO STOLE A CREST OF GOLD OFF A STEAMER, THEN DROPPED IT OVERBOARD WHEN THE **COAST GUARD** PURSUED THEM?





DETECTIVE COMICS



THE SAME... AND HERE'S THE CHEST NOW! YOU SEE, THE HOODS KNEW WHERE THEY'D DROPPED IT, BUT THEY COULDN'T FIGURE OUT HOW FAR OR IN WHAT DIRECTION IT DRIFTED--

I SEE... AND THEY COULDN'T GO TO A SCIENTIST, AND ASK HIS ADVICE, COULD THEY?



"OF COURSE NOT! SO, WHEN THEY GLIMPSED THE HEADLINE ABOUT THE GENIUS-MAKING MACHINE, THEY PAID LAFARUE LARUE A CALL, AND..."

WE NEED A MACHINE LIKE YOURS TO... ER... LOCATE A CERTAIN CHEST WE DROPPED AT SEA! GET IT FIXED UP... AND IF IT WORKS, WE'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE, UNDERSTAND?

SURE, SURE... IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH MR. RAYMOND!



"YOU SEE, I'D ALREADY VISITED LARUE, AFTER HIS FIRST MACHINE HAD EXPLODED, AND WE'D BECOME FRIENDLY! SO AFTER THE HOODS LEFT, LARUE CONTACTED ME--AND I CALLED THE POLICE..."

SOUNDS LIKE THE JAYSON MOB, ROY... THEY'RE AFTER THAT CHEST THEY DROPPED AT SEA! WE NEVER COULD FIGURE OUT WHERE THEY DROPPED IT!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA... WE'LL PULL A SWITCH! INSTEAD OF GIVING THOSE HOODS THE INFORMATION THEY WANT AS TO WHERE THE CHEST DRIFTED, WE'LL MAKE THEM TELL US WHERE THEY DROPPED IT!



THEN--THEN IT WAS ALL A HOAX... AND YOU WERE BEHIND IT, ROY! BUT WAIT--WHAT ABOUT THOSE MEN WHO ANSWERED THE QUESTIONS? WERE THEY ACTORS?



"CERTAINLY NOT! WE COULDN'T TAKE THAT CHANCE SINCE THE CROOKS MIGHT'VE DECIDED TO TEST US BEFORE ASKING US THE VITAL QUESTION! NO, RARELY--THE WAY I DID IT WAS TO HAVE ECKSTEIN, THE FAMOUS SCIENTIST, STAND BY ON AN OPEN WIRE HOOKED UP TO THE MACHINE, AND..."



LISTEN CAREFULLY, SIR... I WILL GIVE YOU THE ANSWER, BUT YOU MUST PRETEND TO BE ANSWERING IT YOURSELF! ROY RAYMOND WILL EXPLAIN LATER!

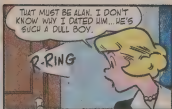
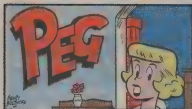
AND SO, LATER, BACK IN THE STUDIO...

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THE MACHINE, NOW, MR. LARUE? TURN IT INTO A TRUNK?

NO--ROY GAVE ME A BETTER IDEA... WITH A FEW CHANGES, IT SHOULD MAKE A TERRIFIC REDUCING MACHINE!

IN WHICH CASE, LARUE WILL BE ABLE TO TEST IT OUT HIMSELF!





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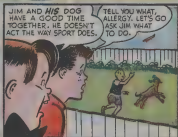


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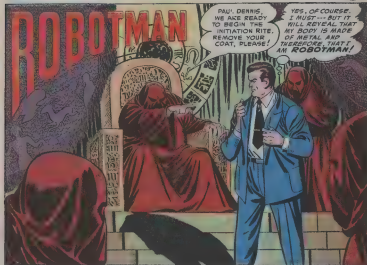


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Binky *says:* "GIVE YOUR PET **ALL** THE BREAKS!"



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FOR YEARS, PAUL DENNIS HAS PROTECTED HIS SECRET IDENTITY OF ROBOTMAN. BUT NOW HIS ENTRY INTO THE SUPERSTITION CLUB THREATENS TO EXPOSE HIM WHEN ONE OF THE MEMBERS TUMBLES TO THE VITAL FACT. THIS TIME, IT LOOKS LIKE THE FINISH FOR THE...

"SUPERSTITIOUS ROBOT!"

AS PASSENGERS DISSEMBARK FROM THE S.S. MERMAID, A LONE FIGURE ROBOTMAN, CONDUCTS AN INVESTIGATION...

I HOPE THESE FLUORESCENT PICTURES I'M TAKING OF EVERY PASSENGER REVEAL WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!



AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE INTRICATE CAMERA CLICKS...

THIS NEW CAMERA I ADDED TO MY EQUIPMENT WORKS LIKE AN X-RAY. SO IT'LL REVEAL WHATEVER A PERSON IS CARRYING IN HIS CLOTHING!





DETECTIVE COMICS



AFTER THE LINEUP HAS BEEN CLEARED...

WASHINGTON ASKED ME TO HELP FIND THE DIAMOND SMUGGLERS WHO'VE BEEN USING THESE SHIPS. BUT SO FAR, WE'VE BEEN UP AGAINST A STONE WALL!



LATER, IN AN F.B.I. FIELD OFFICE DARK ROOM...

NOTHING! I PHOTOGRAPHED EVERYONE ABOARD THAT SHIP... AND NOT ONE OF THEM WAS CARRYING CONTRABAND!



THE GEMS ARE SMUGGLED IN EVERY THREE MONTHS. WE'RE AT OUR WITS' END, **ROBOTMAN**. WE CAN'T DISCOVER HOW THEY'VE GOTTEN IN OR HOW THEY'RE DISPOSED OF!

I'LL GIVE IT MORE THOUGHT AT HOME!



LATER, IN HIS PRIVATE LABORATORY...

WELL, OF ALL THINGS! AN INVITATION TO PAUL DENNIS TO JOIN THE **SUPERSTITION CLUB**! QUITE AN HONOR... BUT I COULDN'T ACCEPT IT! THERE'S AN ELABORATE INITIATION CEREMONY... AND IT WOULD REVEAL THE FACT THAT I HAVE A **METAL BODY**!



A PLASTIC FACE AND ORDINARY ATTIRE TRANSFORM THE METAL MARVEL INTO PAUL DENNIS...

STILL, REFUSAL TO JOIN MIGHT AROUSE SUSPICION! I'LL HAVE TO ACCEPT THE INVITATION... AND HOPE FOR THE BEST!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE FANTASTIC CHAMBER OF THE SUPERSTITION CLUB...

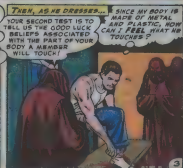
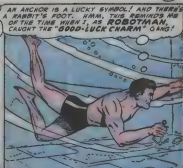
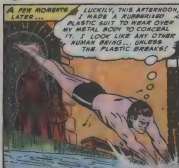
PAUL DENNIS, YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN TO BE TAKEN INTO THE CLUB, ALL OF WHOSE MEMBERS SUCCEEDED IN LIFE BY CAREFULLY FOLLOWING GOOD LUCK SIGNS! YOUR FIRST TEST IS TO SWIM ACROSS A POOL OF WATER, PICKING UP THE GOOD LUCK PIECES YOU FIND ON THE BOTTOM!

HERE'S THE FIRST TEST... IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!





DETECTIVE COMICS





DETECTIVE COMICS



BUT... HE TOUCHED MY LEFT SHOULDER! IF ONE SPILLS SALT, IT SHOULD BE SPRINKLED OVER THE LEFT SHOULDER, NEVER LOOK OVER THE LEFT SHOULDER AT THE FULL MOON!



LUCKILY, HE TAPPED HARD ENOUGH TO MAKE A PAINT SOUND, SO I HEARD HIM TOUCH MY LEFT SHOULDER WHEN I COULDN'T FEEL IT!



ONE OF OUR MEMBERS WILL FOLLOW TO SEE THAT YOU MAKE NO MISTAKES. SINCE WE ALL WEAR HOODS, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE HIM!



THUS, SHORTLY AFTER... COLLECTING THESE LUCKY SYMBOLS REMINDS ME OF THE TIME, AS ROBOTMAN, I BROUGHT IN THE CRIME COLLECTOR!



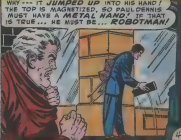
"HE WANTED TO COLLECT ROBOTMAN AS THE MAIN ATTRACTION OF HIS ARMOR COLLECTION!"



"FORTUNATELY, I TUMBLED TO HIS SCHEME AND BROUGHT THE CRIME COLLECTOR IN WITH HIS ENTIRE GANG!"



AS THE CANDIDATE STOOPS TO RETRIEVE A METAL COFFER, HIS HOODED COMPANION GASPS...



WHY --- IT JUMPED UP INTO HIS HAND! THE TOP IS MAGNETIZED, SO PAUL DENNIS MUST HAVE A METAL HAND! IF THAT IS TRUE ... HE MUST BE ... ROBOTMAN!



DETECTIVE COMICS



I CAN SEE IT NOW! THE F.B.I. ASKED **ROBOTMAN** TO FIND THOSE SMUGGLERS... AND IN THE GUIS OF PAUL DENNIS HE WORMED HIS WAY INTO THE SUPERSTITION CLUB...**TO CATCH ME!**



I'LL BE READY FOR HIM WHEN HE GETS HERE! THAT'S A METAL HORSESHOE, AND I CAN THROW A SWITCH, WHICH TURNS IT INTO A HUGE ELECTRO-MAGNET!

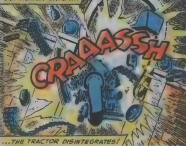


WHEELING A TRACTOR BENEATH IT, JIM EDWARDS PREPARES TO TEST HIS DEATH TRAP...

NOW TO SWITCH ON ITS FULL POWER!



AN INSTANT LATER...



...THE TRACTOR DISINTEGRATES!

NOW I DARE **ROBOTMAN** TO COME! HE'LL BE SMASHED TO BITS, JUST AS THAT TRACTOR WAS! I'LL BE RID OF **ROBOTMAN** FOREVER!



MINUTES LATER, PAUL DENNIS... UNAWARE OF THE DOOM AWAITING HIM... RACES UNDER THE METAL HORSESHOE...



THIS IS THE END OF MY INITIATION, I GUESS I WAS WORRIED OVER NOTHING. I PASSED THE TESTS WITH FLYING COLORS!

WERE THEY ARE, EDWARDS! EVERY LUCKY SYMBOL... FROM THE CLUBHOUSE TO YOUR ESTATE!

I WAS WRONG. I JUST PROVED THAT PAUL DENNIS IS NOT **ROBOTMAN!**

...UNAWARED BY A HUNDRED THOUSAND VOLTS OF MAGNETISM ABOVE!





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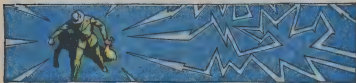
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When That Alarm Is Sounded, Complex Police Machinery Is Set In Motion

IN the industrial section of a large mid-western city, recently, the cashier of a large textile printing firm arrived at his office with a black bag containing the payroll. A police officer had accompanied the cashier from the bank to the company gates, where the policeman had left the cashier at exactly 11:05 A.M.

Once inside the office, the cashier began sorting the bills and change and filling the employees' pay envelopes. But at about 11:25 he was interrupted by a gruff voice:

"Don't bother finishing that, mister! We'll take it all off your hands!"

The cashier turned, and found himself looking into the business end of a .45 caliber automatic. Then the three stick-up men went to work with an efficiency that stamped them professionals. One stationed himself at the door to the plant, the second guarded the exit, while the leader of the trio scooped up the money, shovelling the bills into a large cowhide bag.

Two minutes after they had arrived, the hoodlums escaped. Fortunately, the cashier had been advised as to his actions in an emergency of this sort by the police, and wasted no time in calling the precinct. At the same time, he shouted to one of the

firm's secretaries to look out the window and find out what kind of a getaway car the crooks were using.

The moment the precinct had sufficient details of the robbery, contact was made with the Communications Bureau. The Communications, or Telegraph, Bureau of every police department, is its nerve system. Making use of every modern form of communication—telephone, telegraph, radio, teletype—the Communications Bureau ties together every facet of the sprawling police department.

Seconds after the Communications Bureau had received details of the armed hold-up, alarms were being radioed to the patrol cars of the area where the stick-up had taken place. Minutes later, a policeman was questioning the cashier, the secretary, and all others who had seen the hold-up men, or the getaway car.

Details deemed unimportant or insignificant by the cashier when he phoned in the news of the robbery were learned by the policemen who then returned to their squad car and radioed in the additional data.

Again the Communications Bureau contacted squad cars, only these squad cars were far removed from the scene of the

car. At the same time, the police were doing some rapid deductions. These men were professionals. Therefore, they wouldn't be stupid enough to use a car belonging to any one of them. More likely it was a stolen car. And by this time they had taken the precaution to change the license plates.

Therefore, police officers, while given the reported license numbers, were advised not to concentrate too heavily on them. There were other clues to look for.

Meanwhile, the thieves, now three miles from the scene of their crime, were beginning to relax. The sedan they had stolen for this job was of a popular make, and black. They had already changed the license plates, stolen from a car of similar manufacture. They drove along at a normal rate of speed, obeyed all traffic signals and regulations. They did nothing, in short, to attract the watchful eye of the police.

You can, therefore, imagine the astonishment when a squad car pulled up alongside their car, while a police officer, holding a drawn gun, ordered them over to the side of the road.

The hoodlums, of course, fell victim to the most remarkable police system in the world. Although they had succeeded in making a clean getaway, and covering their tracks cleverly, their car was a sitting duck when the police "key" system was set up to trap them.

The "key" system is a method whereby every squad car in every direction leading from the scene of the crime immediately begins a set routine of covering certain streets in its district. A getaway car is bound to hit a street or road, or a combination of streets and roads, that will lead the crooks out of the city.

Every police officer in a squad car is

familiar with these combinations. He can recite them by memory, and backwards! He also knows what to look for. The details of the crime keep coming over his radio.

In this particular case, the police officers whose alert eyes had spotted the getaway car, had been ignoring the license numbers altogether. They had concentrated on counting the *number of passengers* in passing cars! "Three" seemed like an odd enough number to narrow down the possibilities considerably. Which is what actually happened. The crime car was the first car they spotted with three passengers inside!

As you can readily see, the work of the Communications Bureau of the police department, is vital. No hoodlum, however desperate, will tackle any job unless he has a reasonable assurance that he is going to get away with it.

To that end, he plans his burglary in two parts. First, breaking in and getting his hands on the loot! Second, in making a speedy and successful getaway! If he can't count on both of these two elements, he's going to stop and think again about continuing.

The Communications Bureau specializes in discouraging the criminal about the second part! With the facilities to transmit alarms and special messages at a moment's notice, the Communications Bureau maintains a virtual net that can seal off a great city in an amazingly short period of time.

Many cars driven by criminals are equipped with short-wave radios to intercept police messages, but they would be wise to throw them away. And they would, if they had any idea of the complex machinery set in operation behind the alarm that begins with "Calling All Cars!"

—Jack E. Miller

THE LINE OF STARS



PRESENTS



Coming Attractions



—AND THIS SYMBOL
ON THE COVER OF
ANY COMICS
MAGAZINE
IS **YOUR** GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN COMICS READING!





POW-WOW SMITH

INDIAN
LAW-
MAN

IT'S YOU THEY'RE
AFTER, BOBBY...
BECAUSE YOUR
TESTIMONY CAN
SEND THOSE KILLERS
TO THEIR DEATH!

WHAT'S
THE DIFFERENCE,
POW-WOW?
I WON'T
TESTIFY AGAINST
ANYBODY!

WHY DID THE LAD REFUSE TO TESTIFY
AGAINST THE KILLERS, THOUGH HE'D
ACTUALLY SEEN THEM COMMIT
MURDER? POW-WOW SMITH,
GALLANT INDIAN LAWYMAN, WAS
THE ONLY PERSON WHO MIGHT
LEARN THE ANSWER TO THIS
QUESTION... BUT HIS FIRST
PROBLEM WAS TO QUIET THE
OUTLAW GUNS AIMED AT...

The **UNWILLING...
WITNESS!**

MOON TIME... AND A GROUP OF SILENT, HARD-FACED
RIDERS RAN UP AT TRADER MIKE'S, JUST OUT-
SIDE A SMALL WESTERN TOWN...

NOBODY'S AROUND...
THIS JOB OUGHTTA
BE A CINCH!

C'MON... WE'LL MAKE
THIS ONE FAST!

BUT INSIDE, AS TRADER MIKE ATTEMPTS TO
RESIST THE GUNMEN...

I AIN'T LETTIN' NO
HANDFUL OF DRIFTERS...
UNH!

THE FOOL'S GOIN'
FOR A SHOTGUN!
BLAST HIM!





DETECTIVE COMICS



THEN, WHILE THE VICTIM LIES SLUMPED ON THE FLOOR...

WE'LL CLEAN THE PLACE
OUT AN' RIDE ON NORTH!
NO ONE'LL EVER KNOW
WE DONE THE KILLIN'!

THAT'S RIGHT... NOBODY
SAW US HERE!



Nobody? AT THAT MOMENT...

LOOK! THAT KID RUNNIN'
THERE! HE WAS AT THE
WINDOW! HE SAW THE
KILLIN'!

GREAT
GUNS! HE COULD
IDENTIFY US IN
COURT! GET
HIM!



SECONDS LATER...

THERE HE GOES...
SHOOT HIM DOWN!

WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LET
THAT KID GET AWAY!



AND AS THE CHASE LEADS OUT INTO THE
WOODS...

HE CAN'T BE
FAR... KEEP
LOOKIN'!

HUH...? I BETTER GO
TELL THE LAW ABOUT
THIS, PRONTO!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

DON'T KNOW WHY THESE GUNNIES
WERE AFTER YOUNG BOBBY
SHIMS, POW-WOW, BUT THEY
SURE MEANT BUSINESS! SEEMED
TO BE COMIN' FROM **TRADER
MIKE'S**, AN'... AN'... HRY!
AIN'T YUH GOIN' TO ROUND
UP A POSSE?

NO TIME TO,
HANK! I'VE
GOT TO HELP
BOBBY... AND
EVERY MINUTE
COUNTS!



THUS, **ONYESA**, GALLANT SIOUX TRIBESMAN
KNOWN TO THE PALEFACES AS **POW-WOW
SMITH**, FAMED DEPUTY SHERIFF, GALLOPS
OFF TO THE TRADING POST, WHERE...

TRADER MIKE... **MURDERED!**
THIS ANSWERS ONE QUESTION...
BUT HOW DOES IT TIE IN
WITH THE SHIMS BOY?





DETECTIVE COMICS



OUTSIDE, THE INDIAN'S EAGLE-LIKE EYES SCAN THE GROUND AND QUICKLY COME UP WITH THE ANSWER...

SO THAT WAS IT! BOBBY STOOD HERE... OUTSIDE THE WINDOW... AND MUST HAVE WITNESSED THE MURDER! THEN THE KILLERS MUST HAVE SPOTTED HIM... AND CHASED HIM!



BUT THEY DIDN'T GET HIM... I CAN TELL THAT MUCH BY THE TRACKS! THE PLUCKY LAD LOST THEM IN THE BRUSH!

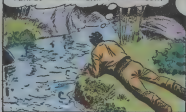


LET'S SEE... HIS TRACKS LEAD TOWARD THE CREEK... AND HERE'S WHERE THE OUTLAWS HALTED, MOST LIKELY FOR A CONFERENCE! I SURE HOPE THEY DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT FOLLOWING TRAILS!



AND AT THE CREEK'S SHORE...

I TOOK TO THE WATER TO HIDE HIS FOOTPRINTS! BUT I CAN STILL MAKE OUT A TRACE OF THEM IN THE SOFT MUD ON THE BOTTOM! HE HEADED DOWNSTREAM... I'LL FOLLOW!



CLEVER BOY...

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR DISTANT...

THIS IS SILLY... A BRAT OUTWITTING ALL OF US! SPREAD OUT... WE'LL BEAT EVERY INCH OF THE BRUSH 'TILL WE FIND THAT KID!

AN' WHEN WE DO, IT'S CURTAINS FOR HIM! WE HAVE TO KNOCK HIM OFF BEFORE HE GETS BACK TO TOWN AN' SQUEALS ON US!



AS FOR POW-WOW, AFTER FOLLOWING THE FAINT TRACKS IN THE MUD, HE SOON EMERGES FROM THE CREEK, AND...



HELLO, BOBBY...

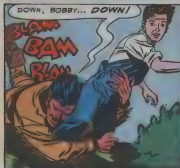
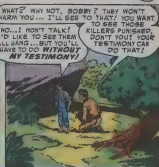
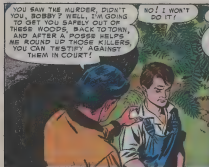
HUMP! POW-WOW!

SHHH... THOSE KILLERS ARE NEARBY SEARCHING FOR YOU!





DETECTIVE COMICS





DETECTIVE COMICS



AND AS POW-NOW RACES TO ELUDE THE GUNMEN...

REMEMBER, BOBBY... WHEN YOU TAKE TO A STREAM TO LOSE YOUR PURSUERS, RUN ON THE **HARD BOTTOM**... NOT IN THE SOFT MUD, WHERE A TRAINED EYE CAN SPOT TRACES OF YOUR PRINTS!

THANKS FOR THE ADVICE, POW-NOW. SOON AS WE'RE OUT OF DANGER, YOU CAN LET ME GO! I'M JUST IN YOUR WAY HERE... YOUR JOB'S TO CAPTURE THOSE OUTLAWS!

NOT UNTIL YOU'VE TOLD ME WHY YOU DON'T WANT TO TESTIFY! THOSE MEN ARE BAD... THEY'RE KILLERS... AND I KNOW YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD BOY, BOBBY! WHY WON'T YOU ADMIT YOU SAW THE MURDER COMMITTED?

I--- I JUST CAN'T, POW-NOW. BELIEVE ME!

I KNOW YOU'RE DEPENDING ON ME... AND I'D REALLY LIKE TO TESTIFY... BUT IT'S JUST IMPOSSIBLE... AND I CAN'T TELL YOU THE REASON!

KMM... THAT GOLD-PLATED BADGE FELL-- AND FROM HIS POCKET, WONDER WHAT IT IS!

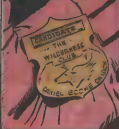
THE WILDERNESS CLUB? WHY... WHY, THIS MAY BE THE ANSWER TO EVERYTHING! OF COURSE... WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE?

LISTEN, BOBBY... PROMISE ME YOU WON'T TRY TO RUN AWAY AGAIN, AND I'LL GET US BOTH OUT OF HERE SAFELY! MY PONY IS STILL BELOW, WAITING!

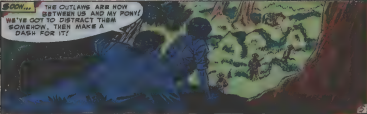
ALL RIGHT... I'LL PROMISE... IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO FORCE ME TO TESTIFY! OKAY?

YES, BOBBY... I PROMISE I WON'T FORCE YOU TO TESTIFY! NOW, WE'LL HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL... COME ON!

AND WHEN WE DO REACH TOWN, I HAVE A VERY URGENT TRIP TO MAKE... TO THE WILDERNESS CLUB!

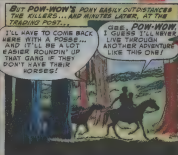


SOON... THE OUTLAWS ARE NOW BETWEEN US AND MY PONY! WE'VE GOT TO DISTRACT THEM SOMEHOW, THEN MAKE A DASH FOR IT!



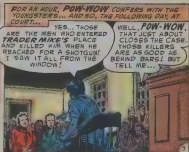
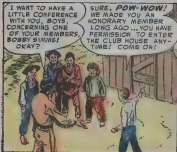
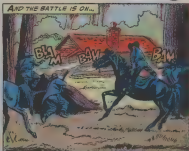


DETECTIVE COMICS





DETECTIVE COMICS





DETECTIVE COMICS



... WHY DIDN'T LITTLE BOBBY WANT TO TESTIFY BEFORE? HE WAS DEAD SET AGAINST IT! HOW'D Y'UR BRING HIM AROUND?

THIS WAS THE KEY TO IT ALL! YOU SEE, BOBBY WAS JUST JOINING THE **WILDERNESS CLUB**, AND HIS INITIATION WAS TO SPEND A DAY IN THE WOODS, FINDING HIS OWN FOOD LIKE A REAL SCOUT...

BUT BOBBY GOT HUNGRY, AND WENT TO THE TRADING POST TO **BUY FOOD**! HE DIDN'T WANT THIS FACT TO LEAK OUT, HE COULDN'T **ADMIT** HE WAS THERE WHEN THE MURDER OCCURRED! HE WAS AFRAID OF BEING TURNED DOWN BY THE CLUB... A VERY IMPORTANT THING TO A BOY HIS AGE!



SO THE OTHER BOYS AND I HAD A LITTLE TALK WITH BOBBY... AND LIKE GOOD CLUB MEMBERS, HE FIXED EVERYTHING! SEE?

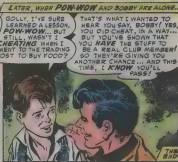
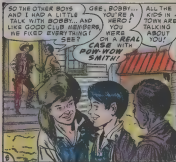
GEE, BOBBY... YOU'RE A HERO! YOU WERE ON A REAL CASE WITH **POW-WOW SMITH!**

ALL THE KIDS IN TOWN ARE TALKING ABOUT YOU!

LATER, WHEN **POW-WOW** AND BOBBY ARE ALONE...

GOLLY, I'VE SURE LEARNED A LESSON, **POW-WOW**... BUT STILL, WASN'T I **CHEATING** WHEN I WENT TO THE TRADING POST TO BUY FOOD?

THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO HEAR YOU SAY, BOBBY! YES, YOU DID CHEAT, IN A WAY... BUT YOU'VE SHOWN THAT YOU **HAVE** THE STUFF TO BE A REAL CLUB MEMBER! SO THEY'RE GIVING YOU ANOTHER CHANCE... AND THIS TIME, I **KNOW** YOU'LL PASS!



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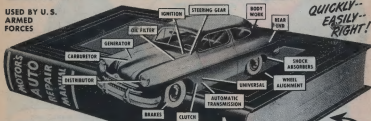
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